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Vocal lyre

[London]

[18--]

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VOCAL LYRE

A Collection of Excellent New Songs.



CONTENTS:

Black Ey'd Susan
Castilian Maid
Oft in the stilly Night
Come to me when Day-light
Parting Moments
Fly not yet
St. Paul's & the Monument
Moulines Maria

Wreath the Bowl
Meeting of the Waters
Last Rose of Summer
The tired Soldier
Breathe not his Name
Paddy's Wedding
Rich & rare were the Gems
Take your auld cloak

O'er moorlands & mountains
Roast Beef of Old England
Heaving of the Lead
Lock'd up all my treasure
Listen to the Voice of Love
Mary of the Dale
Fare-thee-well
Rory O'More

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers wav-ing
in the wind, When black-ey'd Su-san came on board, Oh!
where shall I my true-love find? Tell me, ye jo-vial sail-ors,
tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam, Does my sweet Wil-liam
sail a-mong your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows, and far,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands
 And sinks to the bottom, as the deck he stands

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call to hear
 And drops at once into her nest,
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's fate those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee
 Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt to doubt thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus ev'ry beautiful object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannon roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return,
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
 eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread:
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head,
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

Castilian Maid.

O! I remember the time in La Mancha
 green shades,

When our moments so blissfully flew;
 When you call'd me the flower of Castilian
 maids,

And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
 When I taught you to warble the gay Se-
 guidilla,

And to dance to the light castanet;
 O never dear youth, let you roam where you
 The delight of those moments forget. (will,

They tell me you lovers from Erin's green Isle
 Every hour a new passion can feel, (smile,
 And that soon in the light of some lovelier
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.

But they know not how brave in the battle
 you are,

Or they never could think you would rove,

For 'tis always the same old story in war
 That is found in the same old song.

Off in the Stilly Night.

O! In the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood years,
 The words of love then spoken
 The eyes that shone
 Now dimm'd and gone.

The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one

Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all, but he departed!

Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

Oh, Come to me when Day- light Sets.

O! H, come to me when day-light sets,
 Sweet! then come to me!

When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.
 When Mirth's awake and Love begins,
 Beneath that glancing ray,
 With sound of lutes and mandolins
 To steal young hearts away.

Oh, come to me when day-light sets
 Sweet! then come to me;

When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love
 Sweet! like thee and me!

When all's so calm below, above,
 In heav'n and o'er the sea.

When maidens sing sweet baracollo,
 And Echo sings again,

So, sweet, that fill with ears and souls
 Should love and listen then.

So come to me, &c.

Parting Moments.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, dis-
 tracted to lose you, (flow;
 High swells my sad heart, & fast my tears
 Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse
 you, (no!
 Did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my love,

Now it would tarry, tarry,
Nor e'er tarry, tarry,
But if it give you tarry,
Shall I blame your tarry? Oh no, my
love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are
straying,
That, heart, which doth mind, on a rival be-
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure be-
traying, (love, no!)
Do you think I suspect you? Oh no, my
believe you too kind for one moment to
grieve me, (woe,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such
Yet should you dishonour my truth, and de-
ceive me, (love, no!)
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh no, my

Fly not yet.--Poor Robin.

FLY not yet, why would'st thou go,
Poor Robin through the winter's snow
When safe from harm, and free from fear,
Securely thou may'st rest thee here,
And chirp thy grateful strain;
I love thee, kind and fearless guest,
And gladly give thee food and rest,
While loud and drear the storm is blowing,
Shelter to thy frame bestowing,
Oh! stay, oh! stay,
Winter's dreary, dark and chill,
Here with thy friends continue still,
Till Spring returns again.
Fly not yet, the artful Boy,
Unminded of thy harmless joy,
Waits thy departure from my bow'r
To lure thee to his tyrant pow'r.
And clip thy feeble wing;
Oh! welcome to my friendly board,
A feast with frugal plenty stor'd
Here, then, remain our fare partaking,
Go not yet, our cot forsaking,
Oh! stay, oh! stay,
When the sun resumes its sway,
Beneath my windows on a spray,
Thy grateful tribute sing.

Conversation between the Mo- nument and St. Paul's.

LATE one night, when the moon shone
bright, and the wind blew in gusts
and squalls,
I heard a conversation, or confabulation, 'twixt
the Monument and St. Paul's.
The Monument's voice---was small & choice,
and rather weak than strong;
But as for St. Paul's---it shook the very walls,
and sounded like a Chinese gong.
The moon shone, &c.
Said the Monument, "Oh dear---things are
queer---these are hard---in Monu-
ment---though 'tis useless to make
any sense;

Said St. Paul's, "I am---
The people never do---
I don't know how to---
that you---you see, the Monument,
are shaking---"

Said the Monument, "I---
to think that folks---
jokes---and don't they---
joke my credit, but for that they do not
care;

I my oath can take---I do not shake---but to
think how they serve---
nervous---but I should be happy---if I
could get a---little bit of comfort;

But what with fretting---such little trade get-
ting---I can't help grieving---to see
old friends leaving---of

I am the strong---
which is---
for the Monument

There's Master Billingsgate---
my good advice---
more low---and very---
my genteel ideas mocking

The folks are shaver---and---
uses---as I'm situated---I am obli-
ted to hear, and it really is shocking.

The tower's deserted---and 'tis deserted---
every thing there---is out of repair---
and this I can say for a fact,

The custom house sad---if not really---
day by day---is going that way, for it
certainly was a little bit cracked.

There's poor old London Bridge in a stew---
and don't know what to do, he has quite
lost all his pride;

All day he does cry---and sob and sigh---on
account of the new one building close
to his side;

He it appears---for many years---aye far-
ther back---than I can track, and lon-
ger than I can mention.

Has been tis known---the stepping stone---to
many citis---and now by fits---all of
them scoff---and turn him off, & with-
out giving him a place or a pension.

There's a plan appron'd---East Market's to
be remov'd---a great wide street---is
to be made complete---though the
works at a bit of a stand are,

New houses unfinish'd---no old ones dimi-
nish'd---and then we are told---the Post-
office old---which here in Lombard-
street stand---is going to St. Martin's
le-Grand, to make a new one
dar;



Moulines.—Maria

I WAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her wretched seat
 To mourn her sorrows free.
 Her lovely form was sweet to view
 As dawn at opening day;
 But, ah! she mourn'd her love not true,
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet
In murmurs smooth along,
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast:
Those joys which once she us'd to prize--
But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor, hapless maid! who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy lovelorn story told
Without a falling tear;
Maria,---luckless maid!---adieu!---
Thy sorrows soon must cease;
For Heaven will take a maid so true,
To everlasting peace.

Wreath the Bowl.

BREATHE the bowl

With flow'ns of soul,

That joy th' enchant' brings us,
 No danger dreads, hills wine is near,
 We'll drown our cares, and sit
 Then wreath the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll make a night
 Tow'rd heav'n in 10-nights
 And leave dull earth behind us!
 I was nectar'd
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junes, Joves, Apollos,
 And man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows:—
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid!
 So, wreath the bowl, &c.
 Say, why did time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine he knew
 Runs brisker through
 And sparkles far more brightly,
 Oh, lend it up,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever!
 Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

The Meeting of the Waters.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley
 so sweet (most;
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must de-
 part (heart;
 Ere the bloom of the valley shall fade from
 Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the
 scene
 Her purest of chrystal, and brightest of green;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill!
 Oh! no---it was something more exquisite
 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
 were near, (more dear
 Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment
 And who felt how the bliss charms of Nature
 improve (we love.
 When we see them reflected from looks that
 Sweet vale of Ovesal how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
 best (world should cease
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold

The Soldier's Farewell

97
All her lovely complexion
No flowers of her kindred
To reflect back her blushes
Of green and red and blue
I'll not leave thee to mourn alone
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go, sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I pray
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mother of the garden
Lies peaceful and dead
So soon may I follow
When friendship deceys
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away
When true hearts lie wither'd
And sound ones are flown
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone

He'll never, never March again.

THE tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his wearied feet,
And to the shelter of the grave
He made a safe retreat.
To him the trumpet's piercing breath
To arms shall call in vain;
Ned's quarter'd in the arms of death,
He'll never, never march again.
A boy he left his father's home,
The date of war to try,
For exploits yet untrod to roam,
No friend or brother nigh,
Yet still he march'd contented on,
Met danger, death, and pain,
But now he halts—his toil is done,
He'll never, never march again.
The sweets of spring, by beauty's hand,
Lie scatter'd o'er his bier;
His comrades, as they silent stand,
Give honour Ned a tear.
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
Grief's mourner of the train,
Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,
He'll never, never march again.

Oh! Breathe not his Name.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
While cold and unremember'd his relics are laid!
Sad silent & dark be the tears that we shed
As the night-dew that falls on the grave of the dead.

Paddy's Wedding.



Paddy's Wedding.

SURE won't you hear
What merriment there
Was at Paddy's wedding, O,
And how so gay
They spent the day
From churching to the bedding, O,
First, back in hand, came father Quigley
With the bride's dadda, the bawling, O,
While all the way to church the pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Then there was Mat,
And sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy, O,
And Murock Meggs,
And Tirlough Skeegs,
M'Lochlan, and Dick Durry, O,
And then the girls dressed out in white,
Led on by Tad O'Reilly, O,
All jigging, as the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
When Pat was asked
Would his love last?
The chancel echoed with laughter, O,
Arrah fair, cried Pat,
You may say that
To the end of the world and after, O.
Then tenderly her hand he grips,
And kisses her gently, O,
While all in a tune, the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
Now a roaring set
At dinner are met
So frolicsome and so frisky, O,
Potatoes galore,
A skisraig or more,
And a flowing bladder of whiskey, O;
To the bride's dear health round went the swipes
That her joy might be nightly and daily, O,
And as they gutted, the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.
And then at night
Oh! what delight
To see them all feeding and prancing, O

Content.—A Pastoral.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude,
barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair
And leads me o'er lawns to her home
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage
had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door
We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best
While thrown from my guard, by some glance
she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd
(Ye virgins! her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, & great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine
Her air was so modest, her aspect so sweet,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek
And lock'd the lov'd mist in my arms
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
And if, by yon prattler the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream
To-morrow we range o'er the flow'ry hills
Delighted with pastoral views

To pump or press, when the water did arise,
The danger was, the danger was,
The cottage door, the cottage door,
And shepherds sang, the shepherds sang.

The Roast Beef of Old England

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Eng-

It ennobled our blood, and our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, & our courtiers were
good.

O the roast beef of Old England!

And, O the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering
France,

To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed upon nothing but vain complaisance

Our fathers of old were robust, stout & strong
And kept open house with good cheer all day
long.

Which made the plump tenants rejoice in this

But now we are dwindled to---what shall I
name?

A sneaking poor race, half begotten---and
Who sully those honours that once shone in
fame.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne
Ere coffee or tea or such slip-slops were known
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the
main,

They seldom or ever return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

O then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a'cooking, to do them-
selves right;

But now we're a'pack of---I could---but good
O the roast beef, &c.

Heaving of the Lead.

FOR England when with fav'ring gale.

Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
And, treading under easy sail;

The high blue western land appear'd;

To hear the lead the seamen sprung,

And to the pilot cheerily sung.

By the deep---nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port;

Some well-known object kept in view,

An anchor tow'd an harbour fort.

On down to the vessel true;

While all the lead the seamen sung,

And to the pilot cheerily sung.

By the mark---seven!"

And to the much-lov'd shore we near,

With transport we behold the roof,

Where smiles a friend, or partner dear,

Of pain and love a matchless proof,

The lead once more the seamen sung,

And to the watchful pilot sung;

"Quarter less---five!"

We shorten sail---she looks the sea
"Stand stout the cable!" to the cry---
The anchor drops---we're free to go
The watch is set---and the anchor goes
We hoist the mainsail---and the anchor goes

I Lock'd up all my Treasure.

I Lock'd up all my treasure, and all

I hasten'd back, as if I had

And by my grief I had been told

The passing time the while I had

My business done and over,

I hasten'd back, as if I had

Like an expected lover,

To view it once again,

But this delight was short,

As it began to dawn,

I found the casket filled,

And all my treasure gone.



Listen to the Voice of Love.

O Listen, listen to the voice of love,

He calls my Daphne to the grove,

The primrose sweet beds the field,

The tuneful birds invite to rove,

To softer joys let splendor yield,

O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where now's their blooming sweets exhale,

My Daphne, let us fondly stray,

Where whispering love breathes forth his tale

And shepherds sing their artless lay,

O listen, listen to the voice of love,

He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,

And leave the town's tumultuous noise,

The happy swains all cheerful sing,

And echo still repeats their joys;

Then listen, listen to the voice of love,

He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Mary of the Dale.

LET poets sound the high-sown praise,

Of girls in fashion's ring,

In humble strains I chant my lays,

And simple beauties sing

A simple boy, I sing with joy,

Sweet Mary of the Dale

J. Carbach, Rinder, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 84